

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH By CHARLES F. GREEN

PRICE, 50 CENTS



PLEASANT MILLS NEW JERSEY LAKE NESCOCHAGUE A PLACE OF OLDEN DAYS

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH By CHARLES F. GREEN

THIRD EDITION

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TO ONE

who in social, professional and religious life
measures up to
THE FULL STATURE OF A MAN

DR. JOHN BROWN

this historical sketch is respectfully inscribed.

Also to the Sons and Daughters of the Pilgrims and D. A. R.





FOREWORD

Time-honored village, relic of the days
Long noted in the annals of our land,
When far within the sombre woodland maze,
The Indian Chief arrayed his painted band,
And the old settlers with sturdy hand,
Carved out their homes from the primeval glooms;
What thoughts crowd on us, as to-day we stand
Above the spot made sacred by their tombs,
Which memory still with holy light illumes.

Upon the west bank of Atsion Creek in the Township of Mullica, County of Atlantic, and State of New Jersey, stands the time-honored village of Pleasant Mills.

A church, a mansion house dating from Colonial days, a paper mill and eight frame dwellings compose the place, which with its setting of woodland scenery forms an attractive picture.

Few, however, would guess that this quiet community which from year to year,

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife Pursues the even tenor of its way,"

was once the central point of a region full of historic interest and abounding with romantic incidents which had their place in the great drama of our national life, incidents often ignored by history, but preserved thru the more reliable medium of "tradition's simple tongue."

Chapter One

The Leni Lenape

Of ancient days, tradition tells the story,
When all this region was a trackless wild,
When nature sat enthroned in rugged glory,
And summer suns on scenes primeval smiled;
Where dusky hunters through the deep woods roved,
Pursuing day by day the sport they loved.

The Lenape, a noble Indian nation,
Renowned for valor and for wisdom, too,
Once fixed within those woods a pleasant station,
To which at certain seasons they withdrew;
And gathering at eve around their fires;
Retold the legends of their warrior sires.

They bowed in worship to Great Manitou,
And thanked him for the blessings that he gave,
Practiced such simple virtues as they knew;
Few were their needs and little did they crave,
But hoped that when they reached this earth life's bound,
To waken in the Happy Hunting Ground.

Pity it is, that the historic page,

Tells us so little of those far off years

Which formed in truth the Red Man's golden age.

And even now a tinge of romance bears,

Whene'er we speak of that departed race,

Valiant in war and skillful in the chase.

But they are gone, and may no more be seen,
Stalking so stately in their feathered pride
Beneath the shadow of the forest green,
Or gazing o'er Atsion's rippling tide.
Nations and men make but a little stay,
They fill their destiny and pass away.





Nescochague

Ere the white man's foot had pressed the shores of the western world, all South Jersey from the Delaware to the sea was held by an Indian nation calling itself the Leni Lenape, "Original People." In general character they were superior to most of the aboriginal tribes. From some point beyond the Mississippi* they had migrated Eastward to the valleys of the Delaware and Schuylkill and there made their home.

Between the Delaware and the Atlantic, upon a stream now known as Jackson's Creek, stood their summer village, Nescochague, where they were accustomed to spend several weeks in each year and from which they made frequent trips to the seashore to procure supplies of fish and clams and for the more important purpose of making money, for the sewan, or wampum, which served the red men as a medium, of exchange was wrought from "shells of the ocean.'

This wampum was of two kinds, the black and more valuable being made from the inner shell of the quahaug or hard clam, while the white, constituting the native small change, was made from the stem of the periwinkle. The pieces were circular in form and uniform in weight and thickness, they were perforated and strung like beads on thongs of deerskin. Not only did the wampum serve the Indians as currency, but was also used frequently in lieu of coin by the early colonists and was commonly valued at its weight in silver. The vast heaps of broken shells found to-day on our beaches and along the water courses leading thereto are remains of the old time Indian mints.

In the early part of the Seventeenth Century, the Lenape were governed by a Sachem called Tenatos, a man of mature years and profound wisdom. In his youth he had won renown as a warrior, but now was a man of peace, with a spirit worthy of a christian. He called an assembly of all his people and persuaded them to abandon war and use their best efforts to promote amity among their neighbors. The views of the good Sachem, however, were not in accordance with those of his race and time and his benevolent plan was doomed to failure. The peace proposition was not favored by the surrounding tribes who regarded war as the only road to glory and the Lenape were denounced as women who dared not fight.

The Iroquois in particular were outspoken in their contempt. From abusive words they soon proceeded to injurious acts, invading the hunting grounds of the Lenape and ravaging their corn fields. Observing that fore-bearance only invited oppression, Tanatos reluctantly accepted the situation and bade his people arm themselves, that their traducers might know they

were still men.

Soon afterward a hunting party of the Lenape encountered a band of marauding Iroquois near the Mineola (Mullica) river. A bloody and desperate fight ensued and was waged for hours with all the cunning and ferocity characteristic of Indian warfare. At nightfall but two of the Lenape remained alive, while the force of the Iroquois was reduced to a solitary warrior, who with a scornful glance at his foes gave a yell of defiance and plunged into the stream. The arrows of the Lenape whistled after him, but without effect. He escaped and bore to his nation the tidings that the Lenape women had become warriors as of yore. The lesson proved effectual and from that day the Iroquois raided Southward no more.

The Lenape occupied their old homes for many years after the com-

ing of the first white settlers to whom they proved peaceful, friendly and altogether desirable neighbors. Between 1742 and 1745 most of them were converted to Christianity through the ministrations of a young missionary, David Brainerd, whose life and work will be noted more fully further on.

^{*}Some authorities assert that they came from the North, but the best evidence obtainable favors their original home as being in the West.

Years rolled on and this once mighty people became fewer in number till only a small company remained. These, with thier chief, a faithful Christian who bore the name of Isaac Still, moved west to the banks of the Wabash, leaving the lodges of Nescochague tenantless and desolate. It is said of the Leni Lenape that their word was never broken and that in all their dealings with other people, white or red,

"Their faith was kept inviolate, Their honor still unstained."

The last surviving member of the tribe in the state was a woman named Ann Roberts, and known as "Injun Ann," who died at an advanced age about thirty years ago. An interesting account of this woman is found in Frank R. Stockton's History of New Jersey. So passed the noblest of all the native tribes. Should some bard of Indian blood in future days essay to preserve in song the lives and loves of his people, he will find in their legends and traditions, material sufficient to form an epic of greater interest than the master works of ancient Greece and Rome.

Note: The Indian has been the theme of songs and tales without number, but the epic of his life has never been written and only an Indian can write it.

Chapter Two

Sweetwater

Hail fair Sweetwater noted long
As favored theme of tale and song
We love thee well;
Thou of romance the chosen home
May song and tale for years to come
Thy beauties tell.

Around thy shores from end to end,
The lakelet's crystal currents bend
With graceful sweep,
Or picturing the Summer sky
Thy waters like a mirror lie
Tranquil and deep.

Here once, with manly beauty graced,
The gallant Gordon often paced
Thy verdant sward;
Here wooed and won his peerless bride,
Dearer than all the world beside—
Kate Aylesford.

Pulaski, thunderbolt of war,
Whose fame was like a blazing star,
Of noble race;
With his undaunted company,
In all their martial panoply,
Paused here a space.

But all who knew thee in the past,
Old time, who hurries on so fast,
Has borne away;
But streams as clear and skies as blue,
Faces as fair and hearts as true
Are here to-day.

Settlement and Growth of Sweetwater

Students of history will recall the attempt made by the Stuart kings to subvert the Kirk of Scotland and plant the English Church in its place and that the attempt was sternly resisted by the brave Covenanters, whose fortitude was tested to the uttermost by an ordeal of persecution known as the "killing time," in which hundreds sealed their faith with their blood, while hundreds were driven to seek in other lands, that which they prized more than aught else, the blessings of religious liberty.

In 1685 two hundred of these exiles led by George Scott came to New Jersey, then under the proprietary government of the Friends or Quakers, who gave the wanderers a cordial welcome and assisted them in making new homes. Here they found surcease of persecution and a pleasant land to abide in, for New Jersey at that time was a sort of terrestrial paradise to judge from the following description by a writer of the period.

Nature gave them the harbors of Scotland, the fertility of England and the climate of France, with the forests, the game, the fish, the fruits and freedom of America, beside the curious clear water which flowed in abundant brooks and runlets along the healthful vales of New Jersey.

In 1707 several families from the company that had come over with Scott twenty-two years before removed to South Jersey and formed a settlement near the Indian town of Nescochague. They brought with them the staunch faith that had kept them steadfast amid scenes of persecution and death and the first building erected by their hands was a chapel for public worship. Tradition tells us that it was completed between the sunrise and sunset of a Summer day. The walls were of unhewn logs, the floor of clay and it was covered, first, with a thatch of dried grass and afterward with a roof of clapboards. This primitive structure served the villagers as a meeting place for half a century

Merrily through the woodlands sounded the woodsman's axe as it brought the tall trees crashing to earth. Here and there appeared the cabins of the pioneers, each in the midst of its little clearing, and in due time a village of respectable size stood upon the shore of Atsion Creek What name the place bore then or if it had a name, I have never learned, but here, as in a hundred similar settlements, was fostered a spirit of sturdy independence to be

gloriously manifested in future years.

The settlers at first gained their livelihood by hunting, fishing and tillage of the soil. The furniture of their cabins was fashioned by their own hands from material which the forest supplied in abundance; such things as they could not produce for themselves; cloth, sugar, gunpowder, etc., were brought by boat from Philadelphia to the Jersey shore and thence carried by pack horses along the Indian trail to the settlement. Later when trading vessels from New York visited the Mullica river with cargoes of household stores to barter for peltries and hand-riven lumber, transportation became less costly and the conveniences of life more abundant.

Some time in the seventeen fifties an enterprising individual, named Jack Mullin, erected a saw mill at Nescochague and for a long time was kept busy preparing lumber for the frame cottages that replaced the log cabins of the pioneers, many of whom had passed away and were sleeping in the cemetery beside the rustic chapel. It is said that in Revolutionary days the saws were taken from Mullin's Mill and forged into broadswords for American

cavalry.

Note: Four family names of the first white settlers were: Baxxter, Mac-Gillam, Peck and Campbell. The writer's great grandmother, Elizabeth Beebe, nee Campbell, was a granddaughter of John or "Jack" Campbell, one of the pioneers.

In 1762 an English gentleman of fortune, purchased a tract of land In 1/02 an English gentleman of fortune, purchased a tract of land on Jackson Creek and built a stately mansion which is still standing, an ideal country home, surrounded with spacious lawns and partly encircled by the waters of Nescochague pond. In colonial days the house was furnished in the massively elegant style of the period. It was long famed as the abode of culture and hospitality and had its walls the power of speech, they could tell many a pleasing tale of fair dames and courtly gentlemen in the romantic days of old. Here occurred many of the scenes made famous in the once popular novel "Kate Aylesford". Here the lovely heroine of the story was wooed by brave Major Gordon and here were exchanged the tender vows that had their happy culmination when the twain were made one in 1780. The eshad their happy culmination when the twain were made one in 1780. The estate was called Sweetwater, a name afterward given to the whole village.

The historic mansion is now the home of Mr. A. J. McKeone, a former superintendent of the paper mill here. Mr. McKeone is well known as a worthy and public spirited citizen. In social life his genial disposition and open handed generosity equal those of the first proprietor of Sweetwater.*

As years rolled on, Sweetwater grew and prospered. Changes were made from time to time and all in the line of progress. The old Indian trail no longer wound its sinuous way through the forest. In its place was a broad highway, which joined the Philadelphia stage road at a point near the present

Hammonton lake.

The old chapel built by the first settlers had served its purpose well and was still regarded with affection, but more room was needed and in 1760, and was still regarded with affection, but more room was needed and in 1700, a larger building was erected and presented to the congregation by Captain Elijah Clark, an officer in the French and Indian war and a member of the Presbyterian communion. This edifice known as Clark's Meeting House was famous in its day, for within its walls was often heard with no uncertain sound the message of Eternal truth delivered by mighty champions of the cross. "There were giants in those days." The Meeting House was constructed of logs, with bark removed and neatly squared, the floor was of clapboards and the roof of hand-made shingles. A wainscoat of red cedar gave the interior a pleasing touch of color. The furnishings were plain in accord with the taste pleasing touch of color. The furnishings were plain in accord with the taste of the people.

At the beginning of the Revolutionary War Captain Clark was commissioned an officer in the American Army. After two years service in the

field he resigned to take a seat in the Provincial Assembly.

Chapter Three

Sweetwater in '76

The thunders of war were heard in the land. After years of vain petitioning for their rights as British subjects the inhabitants of the thirteen provinces had flung their gage of battle to the Mistress of the seas and begun the long and arduous struggle that eventually was to give them a place among

the nations of the earth.

The fires of patriotism burned bright and strong and nowhere were they more in evidence than at Sweetwater. It was only natural that those whose remote ancestors had fought with Wallace and Bruce, for Scottish independence, and whose nearer forbears had died for their faith, should love the very name of liberty. At the beginning of hostilities most of the young men of Sweetwater entered the army as volunteers and the rest held themselves in readiness for their country's call.

^{*}Among the frequent visitors to the old mansion are Dr. D. J. McCarthy, of international fame, as physician and author, and Wm. Hofstetter, a noted artist of Philadelphia, who has painted many exquisite bits of local scenery.

In 1777 a military post was established at the Forks of the Mullica. A battalion of infantry and a battery of field pieces with their crews and equipment composed the garrison which was commanded by a Major. For two years the people of Sweetwater knew of war only by tidings from afar, but in the spring of 1778 the reality was brought nearer home. The busy river port of Chestnut Neck was a favorite resort for the privateers which as auxiliaries of the navy prowled along the coast and inflicted not a little damage on the shipping of his royal Majesty George III.

The typical privateer of that time was schooner rigged, of light draught and built for swift sailing. Her armament usually consisted of from four to six light cannons and her crew were expert seamen trained in the use of small arms and afraid of nothing. Their ventures were usually successful and many a richly laden store ship intended for the royal garrison of New York was captured and taken to the Neck where their cargoes were transferred to barges and taken up the river to High Banks, whence they were dis-

tributed through the surrounding country.

The British Commander Sir Henry Clinton was an easy-going individual somewhat slow of action, but repeated losses finally aroused his ire and he dispatched an expedition down the Jersey coast to stop the pestilential activities of the rebels. Some months before, the neck had been fortified by a line of earth works along the bank facing the river. These were manned by four companies of militia, mostly farmers and baymen none of whom had ever

faced an enemy in battle.

One fine day in October, 1778, a sloop of war convoying two transports with 800 British regulars on board and accompanied by a number of small craft called "gondolas" entered Little Egg Harbor, where the warship came to anchor while the transports and gondolas proceeded to Chestnut Neck and landed the troops. From their defenses the Americans looked out and realized that they were now due for their first experience in actual war and possibly their hearts beat a little quicker at the sight of that formidable array of scarlet and steel.

No time was lost by the Britons in preparing for their work; a few minutes after landing they had formed and were moving forward. The Americans delivered a scattering fire and a few red coats fell, but a moment later their line in a swift bayonet charge swept over the breastwork from end to end. Outnumbered and forced backward, the patriots still fought gamely, several had fallen, and their commander perceiving that continued resistance would result in the capture or slaughter of his entire force, ordered a retreat. The Americans retreated to the shelter of a nearby wood from which they fired a few parting shots at the enemy and then dispersed to seek their families who had left the place earlier in the day.

The British followed up their victory by plundering the village and setting it on fire. The vessels in the river were seized as prizes with the exception of one, which being fast aground was burned to the water's edge.

charred timbers of this craft were visible at low water until quite recently.

And so came the finale of Chestnut Neck, once an abode of happiness and rural thrift, now a scene of smouldering ruins to which might be applied the lines by Colonel Humphreys:

> "But there the voice of mirth was heard no more, A silent sadness through the place prevails, The distant main alone is heard to roar And hollow chimneys hum with sullen gales."

The punitive expedition thus far had been highly successful, but it was to be a clean sweep and more remained to be done; a detachment comprising nearly half the force was formed with orders to proceed against the post at the Forks, which was to be taken and dismantled. They were then to cross Atsion Creek and destroy the Iron works at Batsto which were filling an important munition contract for the American government. The detachment marched a few miles up the shore and encamped for the night in an abandoned clearing whence they were to march at dawn on the following morning.

A youth named Bake, who had taken part in the battle and retreated with his comrades, was led by a spirit of adventure to return at nightfall and do a bit of scouting around the British camp. He saw the detachment leave Chestnut Neck, and followed it until camp was made for the night. The object of the movement was quite clear to him and making a detour through the woods he hurried to the Forks and communicated his tidings to the officer in command there. The commander acted promptly. Selecting several trusty messengers he sent them out to seek for volunteers. The response was quick and satisfactory and shortly after midnight ninety men, farmers, woodsmen and iron workers, assembled at the post.

Of soldiering they knew little or nothing, but most of them were good marksmen and all were willing to fight. The commander of the post in a brief address made known the service required of them, which was, to find a favorable place on the shore road, place themselves in ambush, await the enemy's advance and check it if possible.

The needed preparations being made, the improvised soldiery accompanied by fifty regulars from the post moved blithely on their way. A march of two hours brought them so near the British camp that the hail of the sentries could be plainly heard and here they halted. The shore road at that time was bordered for miles on either side with a thick growth of shrubbery excellent for purposes of concealment and at the place where the patriots had stopped was a covert wide and dense enough to have hidden the legions of Caesar. Behind their leafy screen, with rifles ready, they grimly waited for the morning, then near at hand.

At daybreak a blare of bugles announced that the British were on the move and soon their leading files appeared dim and ghostly in the light of early dawn. On they moved with rhythmic tread never dreaming of danger till they were in the very jaws of the ambuscade. The silence was shattered by a sharp command, "Fire!" and then—in the words of one of the patriots, "we just cut loose and gave 'em hell." This demonstration by untrained woodsmen probably saved the Forks and Batsto iron works from destruction.

From the roadside thickets flashed points of flame followed by the spiteful rattle of seven score guns fired by men who rarely missed their mark. The effect was deadly and the surprise complete. The British fell back in confusion without an attempt to rally, their officers apparently not caring to take further chances against an unseen enemy whose number they did not know. And so the victors of the preceding day retired in haste while shouts of exultation arose from the †"Johnny Raws," who had struck so effectively. In the meantime Count Pulaski, on a hasty order from the Commander in Chief, was speeding towards the scene of action at the head of his famous "Legion."

A brief description of the Chief and his command may be in place here—

Casimer Pulaski, Polish noble and patriot, was outlawed and condemned to death for his activity against the Russian invaders of his country. Escaping from his foes, he came to America and cast in his lot with struggling colonists. He distinguished himself at the battle of Brandywine and was made a Brigadier General of Cavalry. In 1778 he was commissioned by Congress to raise an independent corps of cavalry and light infantry to be known as "The Legion." It was composed of picked men and seven nations were represented on its muster roll. Many of the members, like their Commander, had learned the martial tread overseas. Their valor and discipline made the Legion one of the most efficient bodies in the American service. The battle-flag of the Legion was presented by the Moravian Sisterhood of Bethlehem, Pa. It

^{†&}quot;Johnny Raw" was a name once given to an untrained soldier or sailor.

was of crimson silk* and waved for the last time when Pulaski fell, a year later, in the ill advised attack on Sayannah, after which the Legion as a sep-

arate body ceased to exist, its units being transferred to other commands.

Pausing at Sweetwater for a brief rest, Pulaski left his infantry and pushed on with his horsemen. Near the Forks they met the patriots returning from their successful ambuscade and with a word of congratulation, the gallant Pole and his men hurried to Chestnut Neck, only to see the British vessels moving down the river.

Returning to Sweetwater, Pulaski with his entire force crossed Atsion Creek October 8th and marched to Tuckerton, where a week later, October 15th, his outposts were surprised and slaughtered in a night attack by the British, an event historically known as "The Massacre of Little Egg Harbor."

After the destruction of Chestnut Neck and the events connected with it, Sweetwater and other places along the Mullica, enjoyed an interval of repose till the closing years of the war, when they were forced to contend with a worse foe than the British regulars.

Chapter Four

In 1781 and '82 the counties of Burlington and Gloucester were infested with lawless bands known by the general name of "Refugees." While professing allegiance to the crown they were in fact true to neither cause, but despoiled whig and tory alike without reserve or compunction. One of these bands called, "Joe Mulliner's gang," from the name of its leader, had its head-quarters in "Hemlock Swamp," a dense wilderness not far from Sweetwater. The gang consisted of thirty-five or forty thorough paced rogues, daring, resourceful, and up to all the tricks of their nefarious craft. From their secret lairs they issued forth on many a midnight raid levying heavy tribute on well to do residents of the region and in some cases seizing persons of note and holding them for ransom.

One of these was Kate Aylesford, heiress of Sweetwater, and heroine of a famous novel by Chas. J. Peterson. Her escape from the outlaws, their pursuit of her with blood hounds and her timely rescue by her friends, form

one of the most entrancing chapters of that old time romance.

Joe Mulliner, the chief of this precious company, was a man of handsome person and some education. He was what would be termed in modern
parlance "a good mixer" and even when his true character was generally
known he enjoyed a certain degree of popularity. He would frequently appear
at tavern parties, barn dances and other popular frolics of the time, knowing
that friends were always at hand to aid him in evading the minions of the law
or at least give warning of their approach. His love for social pleasure, however, eventually wrought his undoing.

The following is one of the many stories told of the "Cong" and its

The following is one of the many stories told of the "Gang" and its

operations.

A widow named Bates owned a small farm near the Forks. She was a large, masculine appearing woman, of fearless disposition and an ardent patriot. She had eight sons, four of whom were serving in the American army, the others, being too young for military duty, assisted her in tilling the little farm which yielded them a comfortable livelihood. Among her household goods were some pieces of rare old furniture and a service of silver plate which were highly private as a family heigher. which was highly prized as a family heirloom. Mrs. Bates was a faithful church member and regularly attended service at the log meeting house. Returning from meeting one Sunday afternoon she found her home in possession of Mulliner's gang, though Mulliner himself was not with them. They had ransacked the house and helped themselves freely to her pigs and poultry and among the plunder made up to be carried away she saw her precious sil-

^{*}Evaring on one side a triangle enclosing an eye encircled by thirteen stars, on the same side a Latin motto, "Non Alino Regit." On the other side are the letters U. S. and another Latin Motto, "Unita Virtus Fortior."



verware. This was too much and stepping forward the undaunted woman boosed the vials of her wrath and gave the band a terrific tongue lashing.

"Silence madam," said the leader somewhat nettled by her fierce tirade, "silence or we'll lay your d—d house in ashes."

"Twould be an act worthy of cowardly curs like you," snapped the

widow, "you may burn my house, but you'll never stop my mouth while there's

breath in my body.

One of the refugees entered the house, took a firebrand from the hearth and applied it to the building. With equal promptitude, Mrs. Bates seized a pail of water and dashed it on the rising flame while her boys like sturdy little patriots assailed the enemy with a volley of stones; their pluck however, availed but little, they were speedily seized and held fast while the mother was dragged across the road and bound to a tree. The house was again fired and the family compelled to look helplessly on until it was entirely consumed. They were then released and the refugees departed with their booty.

The story of Mrs. Bates' misfortune spread far and wide, a host of friends came to her assistance, and in a few days a roomy log house stood on the site of the burned dwelling. Sympathetic neighbors donated furniture sufficient to fit it up snugly and affairs at the little farm went on pretty much as before. A few weeks later Mrs. Bates received the sum of three hundred dollars from some unknown person and it was always her belief that Mulliner had taken this means of atoning in some degree for the misdeeds of his

followers.

But Nemesis was waiting for the gang and its chief. Their depredations had terrorized the country for miles around, and as the civil authorities appeared unable to handle the situation, the men of the vicinity organized a company of rangers and gave the command to Captain Baylin, an old Indian fighter, who swore never to rest till he had put an everlasting stopper on Joe Mulliner and his gang of thieving devils. But with all their shrewdness the captain and his men had their work cut for them, for often when the refugees seemed fairly trapped they would slip through the toils and next be heard from at some point miles away. Mulliner, even when pursuit was hot on his trail, continued to take chances and one night in a spirit of bravado he attended a dance at New Columbia, (now Nesco). The authorities learned of his presence and sent a posse to surround the house. When Mulliner left the building he was arrested and hurried to Woodbury jail. Soon after he was tried on charges of banditry and treason, convicted and sentenced to the gallows. While awaiting execution he was visited by two Methodist preachers, Cromwell and Petticord, to whom he said:

"I thank you gentlemen for your interest in my case. I have repented of my crimes and feel sure that they have been pardoned by a merciful Saviour. May my fate be a warning to others and when you preach, tell your people that the right way is the only safe way. I do not fear death, to me it will be

sweet as honey from the comb.'

The remains of the famous outlaw were buried near Crowley's Landing on the Mullica, in a plot of ground owned by his wife, where his grave is

still pointed out to the inquiring tourist.

After the loss of their leader the gang became dispirited and their raiding ceased, but relentless as fate Captain Baylin and his rangers pursued them from covert to covert and finally brought them to bay at their old rendezvous in Hemlock Swamp. There was a sharp fight in which some of the refugees were slain and others captured, while a few made good their escape. Among the prisoners was a deserter from the American Army who was tried by Court Martial and hanged on one of the buttonwoods which was long known as "The Gallow Tree."

Peace was proclaimed in the following year and the land was freed from both alien and domestic foes. As years rolled on the names and deeds of Mulliner and his fellow outlaws passed into the realm of tradition and were drawn thence only to point a moral or adorn a fireside tale.



Chapter Five

Religious Life

The early residents of Sweetwater were characterized by strong religious fervor and reverence for sacred things. Year after year the original settlers and after them their children and children's children gathered every Sabbath in their little Sanctuary and bowed in worship to the King of Kings. At times an Indian or two would be found among the congregation, but there is no record of any having been converted to the Christian Faith until 1742, when there came from New England a young man whose teachings and examples were to work a complete transformation in the lives of these primitive This was David Brainerd whose missionary labors rank with those of

Father Marquette and John Elliot.

Brainerd was born at Haddam, Connecticut, in 1718, and in 1739, at the age of twenty, began the study of divinity. In less than a year he was licensed to preach the gospel and immediately afterward appointed a missionary to the Indians of Kinderhook, N. Y. He next ministered to the tribes upon the Delaware. His last station was at Crossweeks,* New Jersey, where he lived in the simple manner of the Indians by whom he was greatly beloved and all of whom under his ministrations were brought into the Christian fold. He frequently visited the Lengue of Nescochague and there is a legend extant that on quently visited the Lenape of Nescochague and there is a legend extant that on one occasion he preached to an audience of 300 people mostly Indians in the pine grove adjacent to the site now occupied by the church that was named for him. A local bard thus describes the scene as visualized in his mind,

> Beneath the shadow of these ancient pines, Surviving giants of primeval days, Stood Brainerd, man of God, and gathered round The dusky children of the wilderness. Who hung with rapt attention on his words, As from the sacred volume's open page, He pointed out to them the way of life, Within their simple souls arose a tide Of joyous hope as they received the truth, And learned that He, whom they had dimly sensed The mighty Spirit Father, throned on high, Loved even them and called them to His fold. These many years the shepherd and his flock
> Have lain in dreamless sleep beneath the sod;
> These many years the summer flowers have bloomed, And winter snows have fallen on their graves, But their free spirits are in glory now, The Father's house where many mansions be; They walk in fields of light beside the stream, Of life that ever floweth crystal clear, Within the blessed Paradise of God. Our Father! in these days of sneering doubt, When man of his achievements ever proud, Gives not the glory that belongs to Thee, But bows the knee at Mammon's gilded shrine, And deifies the wisdom of this world, Bestow on us that gift more precious far Than virgin gold or gem of purest ray, The simple faith possessed by those of old That we may serve Thee while on earth we dwell, And in the world to come abide with Thee.

^{*}Indian name, Crossweeksung (Place of Women)



NATURE ENTHRONED IN RUGGED GLORY











Compelled by failing health to give up his work Brainerd returned to New England where he died in 1747 at the early age of 29 years. His labors though short, were intense, incessant and effective and his memory will long be cherished by the church as that of a worthy herald of the cross.

The Methodists

The rise and progress of Methodism was in many respects the most remarkable religious awakening since Apostolic days. In an epoch of spiritual stagnation, when religion with the common people was a round of empty forms and with the intellectuals a subject of ridicule, the movement launched by John Wesley and his fellow students grew and spread until it swept the land like a refining fire sweeping away the barrier of unbelief, consuming the dry husks

a refining fire sweeping away the barrier of unbelief, consuming the dry husks of formalism and giving men a new vision of life here and the life to come. Ere long the message of free grace had crossed the sea and was borne through the American wilderness to the remotest frontier by men, little versed in scholastic lore, but on fire with zeal for God and the salvation of souls.

The new doctrine appealed strongly to the people of the young republic, who, having recently broken the bonds of political vassalage, were ready for spiritual freedom. They turned from a nationalized and ritualistic system and gladly accepted a faith that taught them to make their petition directly to God and tell their religious experience in their own way and sing the praises of their maker from sincere and grateful hearts.

the praises of their maker from sincere and grateful hearts.

In the first decade of the 19th century the adherents of Methodism had become quite numerous at Batsto and Sweetwater, so numerous in fact that the old meeting house no longer sufficed to accommodate the crowds that assembled every Sunday for divine service. The need of a larger building was imperative and the good people of the two places decided to erect one. Having elected a Board of Trustees* and obtained a plot of ground from the Richards estate, the present structure was begun in October, 1808; finished in December of the same year and in January 1809, dedicated by Francis Asbury, the first Methodist Bishop in the United States. Brainerd church was the name given to the new building and from the first it was a noted centre of religious activity. From its pulpit the old time warriors of Zion delivered their message with burning eloquence to congregations that filled the house at every service.

Among the Original Trustees of the Church and also one of its early

pastors was Rev. Simon Lucas, who had been a Revolutionary soldier, and in his ministerial capacity waged war against sin and Satan with the same un-flinching courage that he had shown in fighting the troopers of King George. He was a Methodist of the old school, with a proper contempt for the vanities

He was a Methodist of the old school, with a proper contempt for the vanities of the world and especially strong on that clause of the church discipline which forbids the wearing of gold and costly apparel. Anything like showiness in dress was sure to call forth a sharp rebuke from "the stern old dominie."

On one occasion a young lady from another village appeared at church attired in the height of the prevailing fashion. Her gown was of shimmering silk, her bonnet elaborately trimmed and upon her bosom glittered a diamond brooch. Well pleased with herself and the world in general the young lady took her seat directly in front of the pulpit. Presently Brother Lucas arose to announce the opening hymn, and his glance lighted on the diamond brooch. Leaning forward and pointing his finger at the smiling damsel, he exclaimed in a resonant voice, "Young woman, d'ye know that shiny thing on your dress reminds me of the devil's eye?" The young lady reddened with anger and walked out, while Mr. Lucas proceeded with the service, satisfied that his duty

^{*}Original Trustees of Pleasant Mills Church: Wm. Richards, Simon Lucas. Gibson Ashcraft, George Peterson, Jesse Richards, Laurence Peterson and

had been done. He was usually insistent on a strict observance of the Sabbath, but his views in that respect were some times modified by circumstances as the

following anecdote will show.

One Sunday morning, a large run of herring appeared in Atsion creek, and the male population of the place turned out in a body to land them. While the sport was at its height and both banks of the stream covered with flapping fish, Mr. Jesse Richards and one of his daughters passed by on their way to church. The young lady was deeply shocked. "Papa," said she, "why don't you stop those men from fishing on Sunday?" "Don't know that I have any right to," replied the old gentleman, "but I'll ask Simon Lucas what he thinks of it." On their way home they found the fishermen still busy and Miss Richards said, "Papa, did you ask Mr. Lucas about Sunday fishing?

"Yes," said her father, "I mentioned it."
"And what did he say?"

"Well! he said the time to catch herring was when herring were here."

Simon Lucas was a representative preacher of his time. Possessed of little book learning but full of faith, and zealous in their calling were these old time ministers to whom the church owes a heavy debt of gratitude even to-

day. If we could exchange some of our superfluous culture for the positive faith of other days the church would be the gainer thereby.

The most noteworthy period in the history of Pleasant Mills church was from 1826 to 1831, when Charles Pitman, the poet preacher, was Presiding Elder of the West Jersey District. Most of the conferences were held at Pleasant Mills and people came from a radius of 50 miles to attend the services. The houses of the place were insufficient for the accommodation of the multitude and many, like Israel in the wilderness, set up their tents around the sanctuary. The business session of the conference would be followed by a camp meeting often lasting for days and resulting in many conversions.

The last member of the old West Jersey Conference was Benjamin B. Doughty, whose daily walk presented a grand example of christian living. He was the right hand man of the pastors and his home was always open for their entertainment. He was a trustee and steward of the church and superintendent of the Sunday school for 52 consecutive years. He died in April 1886 tendent of the Sunday school for 52 consecutive years. He died in April 1880 in the 81st year of his age. At his funeral service the church was crowded and hundreds stood outside to honor the memory of their beloved friend. The memorial sermon, preached by Rev. Mr. Malmsbury, from 11 Timothy 4-7 verse, "I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith," was most appropriate.

For eighty years past Pleasant Mills church has shared the varying fortune of all terrestrial things. It has been the scene of glorious revivals and passed through periods of spiritual depression. Its centennial anniversary was celebrated in August 1908 with appropriate ceremonies and to-day it stands

celebrated in August 1908, with appropriate ceremonies, and to-day it stands a stately monument of Methodism's heroic age, though the worshippers will

make its fame secure for many years to come.

There toiled our fathers in the faith, Nor did they toil in vain, The flame they lit in olden days Shall brightly burn again. The voice of prayer, the notes of praise
Again shall sweetly rise Unto the author of our days, The ruler of the skies.



St. Mary's

Beneath the shadow of the wood, Beside the river's rippling flow, Behold! where once St. Mary's stood, A votive shrine of long ago.

Upon this spot so silent now,
The light of faith once brightly shone,
When fervent prayer and sacred vow
Ascended to the Heavenly throne.

With genial ray the morning sun Lights up the scenery as of yore, And when the day its course hath run, Pale moonbeams glimmer on the shore.

But gone are all who gathered here For worship in the days gone by, Save those whose monuments appear Where they in dreamless slumber lie.

And some there were who sailed the sea, Nor feared the tempest's wild alarms; Others who labored peacefully, Upon their own paternal farms.

And some in battle's crimson tide,
The nations' life defended well,
Whose living comrades yet with pride,
The story of their deeds can tell.

But soldier, tiller of the soil,
And rover of the pathless deep,
Forgetful of all strife and toil,
Are mingled in their last long sleep.

Their last long sleep with kindred dust,
No more for them, earth's cares or fears,
Their souls abide with God we trust,
Through His eternal round of years.

Among the residents of this locality a century ago were many Roman Catholics, mostly Irish. There being no Catholic church nearer than Philadelphia, their devotions were confined to the family circle, and when visited occasionally by a clergyman of the faith service would be held in a private house. Anyone acquainted with Irish character and knowing the religious fervor of these warm-hearted people will not wonder at their determination to build a church of their own. Having decided this important point the good Catholics of Pleasant Mills and Batsto got busy. Under the direction of their popular and energetic pastor, Father Mayne, they collected money and gave freely of their time and labor toward the deserved object. Jesse Richards, by whom most of them were employed, donated a building site and assisted the enterprise financially. The work begun in 1826 was finished in 1827 and the new church surmounted by its cross stood amid the towering pines, a beacon of hope and joy to the faithful. In 1830 the building was dedicated by Rt. Rev.

Patrick Kenrick, under the title of Saint Mary's of the Assumption. The last

service at St. Mary's was held in December, 1860.

The congregation had then been reduced by deaths and removals to eleven persons. For the ensuing five years the building was closed and apparently forgotten. In 1865 Father Byrne, of Gloucester, visited the place. Strange to say the few Catholics residing in the vicinity did not care to assemble in the church and Father Byrne held service in a private dwelling. In 1866 the church was made a mission of St. Nicholas parish, Egg Harbor City,

and later transferred to St. Joseph's, Hammonton.

Among the clergymen who ministered at St. Mary's were many of high repute in their vocation and though all have long since exchanged the cross of servcie for the crown of immortality, their names are still revered in fields where they labored in olden days. Of these we may mention Father Mayne, the first pastor, who died at the age of 34; Rev. Edward McCarthy, S. J.; Revs. Cumnisky and Finegan; Father Bayer, one of three Redemptorists who visited the church in 1848; Rev. Hugh Lane, who passed away at an advanced age some years ago, and Rev. Byrne, who held the last service in '65. Though no longer used as a place of worship, the church was regarded with reverent affection by the residents of the vicinity. In April, 1900, a terrific forest fire destroyed the older portion of Pleasant Mills, and among the historic landmarks laid in ashes was Saint Mary's of "the Pines."

Chapter Seven

The Church Yard

Gray's elegy, one of the greatest productions in the English language, was inspired by the contemplation of a country churchyard, and its graphic imagery and lofty diction might well fit in a description of the "God's Acre," adjoining Pleasant Mills church, where in the shade of stately oaks and graceful cedars seven generations of departed villagers lie mingled in dreamless sleep. Here rest the founders of old Sweetwater and their children who continued their work and made it a place of thrift and beauty, and here also sleep the makers of history, heroes of "76", who faced the peril of many a carnag'd field and suffered unspeakable privations at Morristown and Valley Forge. As we stand beside their little tents of green, the present recedes and scenes of the storied past arise until

Our minds go back along the track of years
Their perils and their toils we seem to share,
Each scene of that great drama reappears,
As vividly as if we had been there.

Trenton and Princeton, Monmouth's fiery plain, Stillwater, Saratoga, Brandywine, The clang of steel on steel, we hear again The bugle blast, and see the charging line.

This great Republic, the "wonder of earth and boast of time," is a fitting memorial to those who

"Laid its base in blood and scars, And reared its turret to the stars."

Here, too, are those, who in 1812 battled for the freedom of the seas, and most numerous of the soldier dead, the veterans of 1861-65, who in the terrible ordeal of Civil War preserved the heritage of their fathers and made it secure for all time. Among the departed brave, is one soldier of the World

War, Willie Mick, who as one of the American Expeditionary Force, went overseas, escaped the perils of field and flood and returned home to die the vic-

tim of an accident.

Nearest the church and enclosed by a picket fence is the burial plot of the Richards family. A vault once occupied the center of the plot, but was filled in years ago and covered with a large slab of marble bearing the names of those who rest below. Back of the vault is a row of headstones ranging in date from 1788 to 1811 and in the southeast corner an imposing marble pyramid, bearing the words "Beloved-Honored-Mourned," marks the grave of Jesse Richards, the local magnate of his day, a large man in person and in heart, ever ready to perform an act of kindness for any who needed it. Close by the Richards' lot is the grave of one Captain Keeny, who died 1760. He was an officer in the French and Indian war and a Scotsman by birth. While on a visit to his friend and brother in arms, Captain Elijah Clark, he was seized with an illness, which in a few days terminated his life. As he had no relatives in this country, Captain Clark took charge of his funeral and had his grave fittingly marked. Close by is the last resting place of Benjamin Peck, dated 1732, the oldest in the yard.

Here also may be seen the grave of Nicholas Sooy, Esq., one time host of the Washington tavern, which in Revolutionary days was not only a famous hostelry, but a recruiting station for the American army, and from which more than one brave lad went forth to don the buff and blue and fight for "freedom dear." A plain headstone over the tomb of Abigail Miner, who died in 1777, tells us that she was the wife of John Fanning, of Connecticut, and the mother of three sons, officers in the American Navy, during the Revolu-

tionary war, who were lost with their father in that service.*

What a story of sacrifice and devotion, of sorrow and patriotic pride might be unfolded from that brief inscription! Whatever others may have done for our country, certain it is, that the gift laid upon its altar by Abigail Miner Fanning was never exceeded. "Who giveth all can give no more."

Beside the road leading through the cemetery is a small stone with

this inscription

John Lynch, Died Dec. 15th, 1808. Age 26 years.

And bearing the once popular mortuary verse;

"Reader, behold as you pass by, As you are now, so once was I; As I am now, so you shall be. Prepare for death and follow me."

A story with touches of romance and tragedy is connected with the name of the young man John Lynch. He was a carpenter by trade and one of those employed in the building of Pleasant Mills church. Possessing good looks and pleasing manners he was a social favorite and known as "a regular devil among the gals." He was engaged to an amiable young lady of the neighborhood, but a fairer face having caught his fancy, he broke the plighted word and left her. The girl was deeply in love with him and sought by every means to win him back, but in vain. Mr. Lynch, like many another gay Lothario, was off with the old love and on with the new. Slighted love was changed at last to the fury of a woman scorned, and one day the forsaken girl, in a fit of anger said to a friend, "I hope John Lynch dies before that church is finished!" Two days later Lynch slipped from the roof and fell to the ground, breaking his neck. The young lady was overcome with grief by his death and with remorse for her hasty wish so quickly fulfilled, she at once put

^{*}One of the sons, Gilbert Fanning, was a midshipman with Paul Jones on the Bon Homme Richard and took part in the action off Flamboro Head, September 23d. 1779.

on mourning and in a few months died herself of a broken heart. Such is the

story as I had it from old residents.

Every year hundreds of visitors come to this time honored spot, some to locate the tombs of their ancestors, others to gather historical data some to locate the tombs of their ancestors, others to gather historical data and legendary lore. I am not of a morbid disposition, but the old churchyard has a strong attraction for me. In the holy calm of a Sabbath morning, when nature wears the smile of peace, it is pleasant to walk beneath the whispering trees and recall fond memories of kindred and friends, who, free from life's toil and commotion, rest sweetly here in the bosom of mother earth. If at times the mind is unduly impressed with the lessons of mortality, the vanity of human wishes and the shortness of life, the impression is but of brief duration, for thought soon rises to contemplate the glorious destiny revealed in God's Holy Word, from which we learn that this life is but an episode not a finality, and that the true life in all its fullness and beauty lies beyond the vale where all mysteries shall be made clear and, "we shall know even as we are known," known,"

> "See! love, truth and mercy in triumph descending, And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom, On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

Chapter Eight

The Industries of Pleasant Mills

In 1821 a cotton mill with 3000 spindles was built by Wm. Lippincott, a brother-in-law of Jesse Richards. This plant was called the Pleasant Mills of Sweetwater. The name "Pleasant Mills" striking the popular fancy, was soon applied to the whole place and Sweetwater was dropped. The cotwas soon applied to the whole place and Sweetwater was dropped. The cotton plant was in steady operation for thirty-five years, giving employment to a large number of people and yielding good profits to its owner. In 1856 it was destroyed by a fire of unknown origin and never rebuilt. In 1861, Irving and MacNeil erected a paper mill on the site of the cotton plant. Shortly after, Mr. John Farrell became a third partner in the firm. In 1864 Irving and MacNeil sold their interest to Mr. Farrell and took a ten-year lease on the Weymouth Mills. The business at Pleasant Mills was carried on by Mr. Farrell and his son, William E., under the name of the Nescochague Manufacturing Company, until October, 1878, when the building caught fire and was burned to the ground

burned to the ground.

The present mill was built in 1880 and operated by the Pleasant Mills Paper Company, of which Wm. E. Farrell was President and Herman Hoopes, Secretary, the older Farrell having retired. In 1887 Wm. E. Farrell became sole owner of the property. He was a shrewd man of business, thoroughly conversant with the papermakers' art, and the plant was his pride. Having set a high standard for its products, he maintained it, whether business was good or bad, and as J. H. Hall remarks in his history of Atlantic county, "Its market was the world." Mr. Farrell died in 1893 leaving the property to his wife, formerly Miss Celia Hyslop, of Troy, N. Y. Her right was contested by Mr. Farrell's relatives and the business went on under a receiver, Howard Cooper, Esq., until the courts rendered a decision in favor of Mrs. Farrell, who afterwards married Mr. L. M. Cresse, an estimable citizen of Ocean City. Mr. Cresse was appointed president of the Paper Company, and held the position until his death in 1914, when his widow decided to close out the business. In April, 1915, the mill was closed after thirty-four years of continuous operation.

In 1917 the paper plant and other property were purchased by Mr. A. J. McKeone, a former superintendent, with hope of restoring the old time prosperity of the place. Industrial conditions produced by the World War, however, made the time inauspicious. Material and help were difficult to get, freight rates were prohibitive, while the delays and uncertainity of transportation made everything a subject of conjecture, and in September, 1917, Mr. Mc-Keone sold the property, with the exception of the mansion house, to the Pleasant Mills Paper Company, by whom it was leased to the Norristown Magnesia & Asbestos Company, under whose management numerous alterations were made, new machinery was installed from time to time and the pro-

tions were made, new machinery was installed from time to time and the productive capacity of the plant largely increased. The Norristown Company ceased operation in April, 1925.

In October, 1925, T. B. Buchholz, of Philadelphia and Atlantic City, while selecting the site for the promoters* of the Atlantic City Motor Speedway, located near here, passed through this quaint village of Pleasant Mills and was greatly impressed with the beauty, adaptability and natural advantages of the village as an exclusive country club and bungalow community. Situated as it is in the heart of the deer country and with its many lakes and streams affording excellent sport for both hunter and fisherman, Mr. Buchholz conceived the plan of making of Pleasant Mills a settlement such as one may see in the forests of Maine.

Mr. Buchholz entered into an agreement with the Pleasant Mills Paper Company early in the spring of 1926 to purchase the entire property. He later sold this agreement to the Pleasant Mills Development Company, retaining, however, a large interest in the company and the general super-

retaining, however, a large interest in the company and the general supervision of the development as planned by him.

The members of this corporation are practical business men, but to their honor be it said, they are not dominated by commercialism only, for they have a sense of the beautiful and a reverence for the storied past. Recognizing the natural advantages of the place, it is their aim to make it an ideal home community and a spot of scenic beauty.

The work of development is progressing under the direction of Mr. Buchholz, whose artistic taste is shown in the production of many pleasing landscape effects and whose plan, we are confident, marks the dawning of a

1893:

new era for historic old Sweetwater.

The remains of Wm. E. Farrell, after resting for some years in Pleasantville Cemetery, were brought to Pleasant Mills and buried among the scenes that in life he had loved so well. A handsome shaft of granite inscribed with his name, the date of his birth and death, and his initials in monogram, stands above the grave. The ground surrounding Mr. Farrell's lot was recently donated to Pleasant Mills church by his widow, Mrs. L. M. Cresse, and now forms a part of the cemetery.

The following lines appeared in the Atlantic Times, of March 22nd,

An honest man's the noblest work of God, And this was proved in Farrell's mortal span. Be these words written o'er his burial sod, Here lies at rest a truly honest man.

Sic transit, 'tis the common lot of men Whose generations rise and disappear, In death's unbroken sleep we leave him then, But never cease to hold his memory dear.

^{*}Note: Within five miles of Pleasant Mills, and within a few hours ride of a fifth of the population of the United States, is located the largest wood automobile race track in the world. Among the promoters of the project were Charles W. Schwab, the steel king; H. E. Clark, President of the Laurel Oil and Gas Co., and Dr. F. B. Ward.

Note: The paper machine installed by the Farrells in the first Mill was the second largest in the world at that time.

Chapter Nine

Illustrious Men of Pleasant Mills

It is hardly to be expected that a community so small as this should furnish many illustrious names to the pages of history, but two of its sons at least have achieved a fame that is nation wide. Mr. Joseph Fralinger, of Atlantic City, whose character as a man and citizen is of the highest and whose business reputation extends from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific, was born at Batsto in 1848. He learned the trade of glass blowing which he followed for some years. In the eighties he was widely known as a promoter of the national game and organized the once famous "August Flower Nine." He was identified with many business enterprises and a new idea in confectionery eventually placed him on the road to fame and fortune. Mr. Fralinger is everybody's friend and delights in doing good; his time and money are freely used to increase the sum of human happiness and brighten the lives of those around him. When in this vicinity he never fails to visit the cemetery of Saint Mary's, where his parents are buried and where by his expressed wish he will be laid himself when his life pilgrimage is over. By his direction the cemetery, which was showing signs of neglect, has been cleared of brush and

greatly improved in appearance.

General St. Clair Mulholland, renowned on the field of war and in the councils of state, was born at Pleasant Mills, and the years of his boyhood were spent here. That he cherished a pleasant memory of those years is evidenced by the following article from his pen, which appeared in the Phila-

delphia Inquirer, January 1st, 1906.
"Anno Domini 1850, I was living as a boy at Pleasant Mills, N. J. Residing there at that time was on old man nearly one hundred years of age. He died, if I remember right in 1852, aged 102. He was a veteran of the Revolution, a comrade of Washington, with whom he had marched and fought, and had been severely wounded at Brandywine or Germantown, I forget which. That old soldier had lived to see the great development of the Republic for which he had risked his life and poured out his blood, and in his declining years he rejoiced in the glory and splendor of his country. "Why!" he would explain, "when I fought with Washington we had only thirteen States and only three millions of people, now (1850) we have twenty-five states and twenty-five millions of citizens," and so rejoicing and glorying in the grandeur

of his country he passed away.

The presence of this old veteran created and diffused throughout the The presence of this old veteran created and diffused throughout the community a spirit of patriotism that was remarkable, and I remember hearing the men, as they sat around the country store, conversing of the battles that the veteran loved to recall. The boys of the village would gather around the old man, listen to his talk and gaze upon him with awe and reverence, and I have a faint recollection of hearing that the bullet that made one leg much shorter than the other was still imbedded in the limb. The spirit aroused by him had its effect, and ten years afterward, when the Civil War burst upon the nation, every young man and boy in the vicinity where he lived enlisted in defense of the Union. Some of them never came back to Pleasant Mills and sometimes I go read upon the mouldering tombstones the names of Mills, and sometimes I go read upon the mouldering tombstones the names of my playmates of long ago. The boys were inspired by the hero of '76, with the sentiment that made them heroes, and now 1900, the survivors of the Civil War, like him of the Revolution, greatly rejoice at the still more wonderful development of our country. In 1861, thirty-two states and thirty-two millions of people, four millions of whom were slaves, now (1906) forty-five states and seventy millions of citizens all happy and free, not a slave in the land and the flag under which they fought and poured out their blood representing the only true Republic that ever existed on earth and waving in glory and triumph, not on this continent only, but to the farthest ends of the world. Sure-



ly, they too, like the veteran of Washington, can rejoice and now may the presence of the veterans of '61 inspire in the hearts of boys of our time sentiments of patriotism, so that if ever again danger threatens our constitution, they, like the boys of Pleasant Mills, may be quick to respond and if need be offer their lives to uphold the flag and preserve the Republic erected by veterans of '76 and saved by those of '61.

Note: The soldier referred to by General Mulholland was probably "Uncle" Joe Johnson, who served through the war for Independence. He was at Bunker Hill and it was said that he fired the first shot from the American side in that famous battle.

Chapter Ten

The Buttonwoods

The brief historic sketch would be incomplete without some reference to "Buttonwoods," oft named in song and story. This famous group of trees stands or rather stood, on the Atlantic county side near the confluence of Batsto and Atsion creeks. For two centuries they were familiar landmarks, towering above the surrounding woods and overlooking the country for miles. During the Revolution a watching station was fixed in the top of the tallest tree from which a view was obtained of all craft passing up and down the stream. "The Buttonwoods" figured prominently in an ably written poem by the late Albert Doughty, which is still unpublished. But the grand old wood kings that once were a trysting place for dusky lovers and a bower of shade for the weary hunter, have yielded to the touch of time and are crumbling away soon to mingle with the soil from which they sprang.

Presentation of Memorial Tablet By Kate Aylesford Chapter, D. A. R.

Nov. 14th, 1914, Kate Aylesford Chapter, D. A. R., of Hammonton, placed in Pleasant Mills church a handsome bronze tablet, in memory of the Revolutionary soldiers and sailors buried in the adjacent cemetery. Among the distinguished visitors present was the State Regent and official representatives from other chapters of the order. The exercises attending the presentation were informal, but interesting and appropriate. Mrs. A. J. Rider, of Kate Aylesford Chapter, as mistress of ceremonies, performed her duty admirably. The tablet was fixed in place by Mr. Wm. Bernshouse, of Hammonton, then in his 81st year, but alert and vigorous as a man half his age. The noble gift for a patriotic sisterhood attracts much attention from visitors and is listed among the church's most precious possessions.

To all who love the legends rare,
Of old heroic days,
I dedicate these rough hewn lines
Not seeking thanks or praise,
But trust that interest they may wake,
In each romantic spot,
And call to mind the worthy names
That ne'er should be forgot.
C. F. G.

Twenty-five

The Mullica

1

Tho many bards have lauded well The castled Rhine and blue Moselle, The Britons point with loving pride To Avon's bright romantic tide. Tho theme of legend and of song, Still sweeps the blue Danube along, While proudly rushes, wide and free, Our lordly Hudson to the sea; And inspiration brightly gleams O'er Mississippi, King of streams, My humble muse no more shall roam But seek a subject nearer home, And here she'll rest on folded wing While of the Mullica I sing.

2

Dear Mullica! I love thee well
And on thy scenes I fondly dwell,
And ponder on the various ways
I knew so well, in boyhood's days.
How often I have plied the oar
Along thy low and marshy shore;
Or passed the higher banks that stand
Down sloping, to thy pebbled strand,
Where deep embowered in shades of green,
The cozy village homes are seen.

3

Three bridges, of historic fame, The voyager's attention claim, Which reaching forth, from strand to strand Join two fair counties hand in hand. Atlantic says to Burlington, Divided once, we now are one.

4

Dear Mullica, a few short years And I must bid this world adieu, And all that now so fair appears Must fade and vanish from my view. Then let my grave be made beside The shore where flows thy crystal tide.

Batsto

The story of our neighbor village Batsto is nearly as old and fully as interesting as that of Pleasant Mills. The name is a compound of two Indian words, Baatstoo, meaning a bathing place. Here in ages long past the wild people of the forest roved along the pine shaded shore or disported themselves in the swift flowing stream.

The first proprietor of the Batsto estate was Israel Pemberton, whose home was called, Whitcomb Manor. Mr. Pemberton sold the property to Charles Reed, who sold it to one Colonel Knox, and he in turn disposed of it to Thomas Mayberry. In 1767, Joseph Ball, a wealthy Pennsylvanian, bought

the place for the sum of fifty-five thousand pounds sterling (\$275,000).

Mr. Ball was a practical man of business and at once began to develop the natural resources of his domain. Under his direction several hundred acres of wild land was cleared and fitted for cultivation. He also set up a blast furnace and began the manufacture of iron from the ore which abounded in the adjacent bog lands and was of excellent quality. During the War

for Independence many cannon and large quantities of solid shot were cast at the Batsto works for the use of the patriot forces.

The next owner of Batsto was Colonel William Richards, who had served with distinction in the war and was a personal friend of General Washington. Under the management of Colonel Richards the industries of the place prospered greatly. During the war of 1812 he successfully handled several large munition contracts for the U. S. Government.

An incident of that time is worth relating.

An incident of that time is worth relating.

The Colonel had finished an order for 50 tons of cannon shot which were to be delivered at New York. The only vessel in the river available for this service was a 60-ton schooner, owned and managed by a colored man, named David Mapps, who with a crew of his own race, traded regularly between New York and Little Egg Harbor. David was a Quaker and stuck to the tenets of his faith like brick dust to a bar of soap. Proceeding to the whore the schooler lay Colonel Richards called the dusky chipper on wharf where the schooner lay, Colonel Richards called the dusky skipper on deck.

"David," said he, "I have a freight for you, one that will pay you

well."

"And what may it be?" queried David.

"I want you to take a load of cannon balls to New York as soon as wind and tide will get you there," said the Colonel.

"Did thee say cannon balls?" asked friend Mapps.
"Yes," replied the Colonel, "they are for the defense of the country and the government needs them."
"I'd like to oblige thee," was David's mild, yet firm rejoinder, "but

I cannot carry thy devil's pills that were made to kill people."

No argument could change his decision and Colonel Richards was obliged to find other means of transportation for his devil's pills.

Colonel Richards was succeeded in 1822 by his son, Jesse, under whom the place attained the height of its prosperity. In addition to the iron works he built and operated a window glass factory that paid well. The iron and glass works with their correlated industries of wood cutting, charcoal burning and teaming kept a host of workmen busy and made Batsto one of the liveliest places in South Jersey. liveliest places in South Jersey.

Jesse Richards was a famous man in his day and his fame was well deserved, he was a true friend of his people and took an active interest in their affairs, making their joys and sorrows his own. He was a member of the Episcopal communion, but friendly to all denominations. His home was always open for the entertainment of ministers and he was liberal in their support. When his Catholic employees decided to erect a church at Pleasant Mills he assisted and encouraged them in many ways. He died in 1854 and





the word's "Beloved, Honored, Mourned," engraven upon his monument are a just tribute to the memory of a good man.

About 1843 the iron industry in South Jersey began to decline through inability to compete with the superior facilities of production possessed by the Pennsylvania plants. The Batsto iron works shut down in 1848, the glass

factory continued in operation till 1865, when that, too, was closed.

The business ability of Jesse Richards was not inherited by his successors and the large fortune that he had amassed soon melted away. In February, 1847, a fire broke out in the main street and seventeen dwellings comprising the old and historic part of the village were totally destroyed. Batsto, to-day, is a quiet and restful place with charming bits of natural scenery. Its chief industry is farming and there is nothing in its appearance to recall the activity and grandeur of former times.

Hon. Benjamin Richards, son of Colonel Wm. Richards, was born at Batsto, 1797. He resided in Philadelphia and served two terms as Mayor of that city. To the day of his death he cherished a deep affection for the home of his boyhood. His son, Colonel Benjamin Richards, a distinguished soldier of the Civil War, was a frequent visitors to the ancestral domain and could

relate many interesting tales of bygone days.

Supplement

Two Hundred Years Ago

A song for the brave old pioneer of stalwart arm and true, Who came to the Jersey wilderness, when all the land was new, He swung his axe with manly skill, laying the wood kings low, And thro' the shade, a clearing made, two hundred years ago.

From early morn while dewdrops hung like gems on shrub and tree He wrought till evening shadows fell, and carrolled merrily Some simple ballad of old Scotland, where heather blossoms grow, Or perchance, a verse of sacred song, two hundred years ago.

Rude was the home of the pioneer, rough hewn from the forest tree, And little his worldly wealth I trow, but not for that cared he, There came no strife to vex his life as the days went calm and slow Here in the Jersey wilderness, two hundred years ago.

And at the solemn Sabbath hour with neighbors gathered there Beneath the greenwood canopy, they bowed in fervent prayer And sang the praise of their father's God, who had safely led them so Over storm seas to a friendly shore, two hundred years ago.

I sometimes think as we speed along in swift progression's tide, That we miss the joys of our humble sires, with all our culture and pride, The present pace of the human race is far too swift we know, But men went straight at a slower gait, two hundred years ago.

Notes to Chapter One

The Indian name of New Jersey was "SCHEICHBI". Their name for the Delaware was "LENAPEWHIHITTUCK" (Rapid stream of the Lenape). The Leni Lenape belonged to the Algonquin branch of the red race. There were two subdivisions of the tribe in New Jersey. The Mauntaunak-Delawares, who occupied the lands between Little Egg Harbor river and Cape May, and the Mincees, located farther to the North, and having permanent villages on this side the Delaware.

The Lenape were valiant fighters, but preferred peace to war. As their numbers diminished, those of their old enemies, the Iroquois, increased, and finally through an alliance with the English, they were able to impose their will upon the Lenape, and compel them to do what they had once offered to do voluntarily, i. e., act as referees in tribal disputes, a service for

which they received scant thanks or reward.

When white settlers coveted the best lands of the Lenape and the latter refused to sell, the Iroquois were called in and peremptorily commanded the Lenape to move on. But the limit of endurance had been reached with the injured people and they resolved to die like warriors, rather than live like slaves. On the breaking out of the French and Indian War soon after they espoused the cause of the French, and gave both English and Iroquois reason to repent their tyranny. Their great Sachem at that time was Tadeuskund, a warrior and hero. While burning with indignation over the wrongs of his people, he was ever merciful to a vanquished foe. Tadeuskund died in 1763 and was succeeded by the pacific Isaac Still, who some years later led the remnant of his tribe away from the graves of their fathers to the distant West. West.

The Indians of New Jersey had taken no part in the war, but many of them accompanied their Pennsylvania tribesmen in their exodus toward the setting sun. Many of them, however, still remained, in some cases forming little communities of their own, in others, living with the whites in peace and friendship. Their last reservation was at Indian Mills (Old Shamong).

Notes to Chapter Two

The attempt made by Charles II to establish episcopacy in Scotland was a flagrant breach of faith with his Northern subjects and an outrage on their national feelings. Accustomed to the simple service of the Kirk, they looked upon the showy ritual of the Anglican establishment as no better than idolatry and protested vehemently against the change. Their objections were answered with sternly repressive measures, until harassed beyond endurance by brutal soldiery and venal magistrates, the covenanters arose in arms to battle for their rights. In some instances they were successful, but the superior discipline and numbers of their foe were triumphant in the end, and the last armed resistance was crushed at the battle of Bothwell Bridge in 1679.

The demons of persecution were then loosed upon the hapless children of the covenant, who without respect to age or sex, were done to death with a ruthlessness that would have shamed Nero or Domitian, but all suffering was endured with a heroism rarely equalled in the history of the world.

> "The flaming pyre that round the martyr rose Blazed like a torch to light him to repose, The ocean wave, the scaffold, and the sword, Were but a stormy passage to the Lord.

Many of these sorely tried people found a home in America, and gave to the land of their adoption a heritage of faith and virtue that was of untold value in the formation of our national character. Can we forbear a thrill of pride when we remember that of this noble stock were the founders of Sweetwater.



From data that appears reliable, I learn that the builder of the Sweetwater mansion was named Reid. His daughter, Honoria, a girl of rare love-liness in person and character, was educated in England, and returned home after the death of her father, in 1778. She was the Kate Aylesford, of local legend, and married an American officer, in 1782.

The pioneers of Sweetwater had their share of Scotch thrift. In those days immense shoals of herring were found every spring in the Mullica and its tributary streams and the settlers added to their stock of provisions by drying and smoking the toothsome fish by thousands. The surplus stock found a ready sale in the markets of Philadelphia and New York, thus building up an important local industry. The curing of herring in this manner was taken up in other settlements along the Mullica and continued until comparatively recent times. Within the memory of the writer, no family considered their winter store complete unless it included several hundred smoked herring.

Notes to Chapter Three

The capture of Chestnut Neck, and the ambuscade that checked the British advance on The Forks, were good illustrations of the fighting methods used by the opposing forces. The highly trained British soldier of the day was master of the bayonet, and the best troops of Continental Europe could not withstand the terrible Anglo-Saxon charge. Our forefathers, hardy and courageous as they were, frankly acknowledged their dread of the cold steel in stalwart British hands. On the other hand the American rifleman in his native woods was a foe that the boldest Briton did not care to face. The celerity of his movements and the deadly accuracy of his aim were well known and the general sentiment among the King's men was:

"I'd rather fight the bravest lads That e'er came over seas Than meet the blasted Yankee D---ls, Among the rocks and trees."

The crack marksmen of the American service were armed with the Deckard rifle, the most efficient small arm of the period, having more than twice the range of the smooth bore service musket, or "Brown Bess" used by the Royal troops.

In the course of time, the Americans learned the trick of their English cousins, and used the bayonet with success, notably at Stoney Point and

Cowpens.

Major Ferguson, who led the British expedition against Little Egg Harbor, was brave and ruthless. He hated the "rebels" and showed scant courtesy to such of them as fell into his power. He was an expert in gunnery and invented a breech-loading rifle which proved an efficient weapon, in rapidity of fire, surpassing the muzzle loader of the time, three to one. A battalion of British troops was armed with these rifles at Brandywine and the Americans opposed to it were astounded and dismayed by the terrific fusillade poured upon their line.

Ferguson directed the movements of his men when in action by the sound of a silver whistle and there was joy among the patriots when that whistle sounded for the last time at King's Mountain, where Ferguson was

slain and his forces decimated by the woodmen of North Carolina.

"Their sharp reports upon the wind our deadly rifles hurled, And one bold life was stricken then from out the living world. But almost sped he raised his head and grasped his silver call, And one long blast, the faintest last, wailed round the mountain wall."



Notes to Chapter Four

The noted refugee leader, Joe Mulliner, came of a good family, two of his brothers served with honor in the patriot army, and his lawless career was apparently due more to love of adventure than to inherent wickedness. He was tried and condemned for robbery and correspondence with the enemy, and it is true that his plundering raids were many and frequent, but there is no proof that he killed or inflicted physical injury on any one.

Shortly before his death he confided to a friend that he had buried a considerable sum of gold and silver near the road leading from Green Bank to Lower Bank, and many have searched for his money, but so far as known, it was never found.

it was never found.

The people of these parts, a few generations back, were firm believers in ghosts, and it was averred by many that Mulliner's spirit walked. Some of the most credulous claimed to have seen him in dim and shadowy form walking beside the river near the Buttonwoods, and looking from side to side as if in search of something. As the ghost has not appeared for many years, we may believe that he found the object of his quest.

Notes to Chapter Five

In 1645, Rev. John Campanius, a Lutheran minister from Stockholm, Sweden, went as a missionary to the Leni Lenape, but was unsuccessful in his efforts to convert them, though his personal popularity with them was great.

A century later, David Brainerd, in the short space of four years, brought them to accept the tenets of the Gospel, and few, if any, of them for-

sook the faith.

Twenty years after David Brainerd had entered into rest, another Brainerd, bearing the Christian name of John, preached the Word in South Jersey. He devoted much time to work among the Indians, thus amplifying the work of his predecessor. An old record states that in 1769 John Brain-erd was pastor of the church at Cold Spring, Cape May County. In his diary for the year 1774, he tells of holding service at Clark's Meeting House. He describes the interior of the building, making special mention of the large red cedar beams overhead.

Notes to Chapter Seven

"Captain Jack"

An old-timer whose mortal remains lie beneath the mould of Pleasant Mills churchyard, was Jack VanDyke, seaman by profession, and master of the brigantine "Gypsy Jane."

He was engaged in the West India trade and from his good fortune in bringing his cargoes to port was known as lucky Jack VanDyke. Fortune at last, as she has a way of doing, played him a scurvy trick, when he was voyaging home with a freight that promised exceptionally large returns. A British frigate came along, seized his ship and made him and the crew prisoners. The loss of the "Gypsy Jane" and his liberty aroused Captain Jack to a white heat of fury and in a burst of sulpherous profanity he consigned King George and all his crew to a region of exclusively high temperature.

Thirty-one



The English commander ordered him to be more respectful of his Majesty's name, but the reply of the irate Yankee was:

"D— the King, and double d— him, and d— the man that wouldn't – him."

The British captain, a rough specimen himself, admired the spirit of his prisoner, and treated him like a brother. When Captain Jack was released, his late captor took his hand and wished him better luck next time.

"Never fear about that," said Jack. "Be sure I'll get my pay and

King George will be the paymaster."

As soon as possible, he obtained command of a privateer, and in due

time compensated himself for the loss of the "Gypsy Jane."

In speech and manner Captain VanDyke was rough and boisterous as the element in which he sailed, but beneath his rugged exterior beat a heart of gold. He was generous to a fault, and was a favorite with young people of the neighborhood, who delighted in hearing the story of his adventures. Time softened his once fiery temperament, and in his declining years he was wont to say that he felt nothing but good will to all the world. Of his old enemies he often said, "The English are brave lads, and good fellows, and though I'm American to the core I can say 'God Save the King', for like the rest of us, he needs it.

Notes to Chapter Nine

The First Shot at Bunker Hill

(This is Mr. Johnson's account of the incident, given verbatim).

"We were behind the breastwork and the Britishers were marching up as cool and unconcerned as you please, a pretty show they made, I'm telling ye. In their first rank opposite to me was a strappin' big feller that I didn't like the look of. Says I to myself, if I come to grips with that lad, it may go hard with me; so I up gun and cut him over. The lieutenant hit me a clip with the flat of his sword a'most knocked me off my feet.

"'Fire without orders will ye?' says he; 'I've a mind to shear your fool

"Then came the order to fire and I guess you've heard what happened after that."*

^{*}Joseph Johnson was the son of a Danish immigrant, who settled at Beechwood, Pa., about 1749. In 1770, Joseph then twenty years old, came to New Jersey. Hearing of the fight at Lexington in 1775, he and five other youths journeyed, mostly on foot, to Massachusetts and joined the patriot army in time to participate in the battle of Bunker Hill. After serving thru the war with credit, Mr. Johnson open the rest of life in the vicinity of Pleasant Mills, dying in 1853.



